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make seven lords, but of seven lords, I could not make one Holbein"—nor of seven kings either, he might have added—and yet Holbein was hardly a first rate painter.

A glance at the portrait of Byron, gives us a deeper and truer insight into the character of the Poet Lord, than eighty pages of the most elaborated absurdity of a vaunting periodical we could name. The upper part of the head is beautiful and intellectual, though there is a lurking devil in the eye; but in the mouth, pride and sensuality reign triumphant, and in the chin and neck there is too much of the mere animal. Ah! these were the real deformities, or rather the outward and visible sign of the mental deformities within, that Byron should have felt ashamed of; and if, like the Poet Campbell, we were wishing him back amongst us again, we should not care if he came with even two club feet, provided that the lower part of his face had more delicacy and humanity!

In looking at the portraits of the generals and admirals, the reader will plainly see how much less forehead is necessary than chin in the conformation of a hero. It is very interesting to compare the portraits of the two illustrious brothers, Wellesley and Wellington. The Marquis has by far the finer intellectual development, yet it is vastly inferior in grandeur of expression to that of the Duke. How beautiful the eye and eye-brow of the latter—all the scribes in Christendom may rail on him, but "look in his face and you forget them all!" In the portrait of Pitt there is a powerful expression of mind, but it is coarse—that of Fox is better, it has a Roman grandeur combined with the massive solidity of a sturdy Englishman. Of the latter press of the work we shall say little, as we consider it of minor importance, but from the memoir of the private literary life of the last named celebrated man, we extract the following particulars:

"From his school-days to his latest hour, we may say, Mr. Fox was not only attached to literature, but an elegant, classical, and accomplished scholar. Neither the vortices of pleasure nor the labours of business seem to have estranged him from the intellectual enjoyments which are the charm of cultivated existence. Many of his speeches have been published; and his Letter to the Electors of Westminster went through thirteen editions in a few months. His sketch of the Character of Francis Duke of Bedford (London 1802) was also very popular; but his magnum opus was the History of the early part of the Reign of James the Second, with an introductory chapter, &c. edited by his nephew, Lord Holland, after his death, in 1808. This quarto, as might be expected, gave rise to much controversy, and perhaps it may be confessed, rather disappointed the exalted hopes, which the imposing name and prodigious talent of its author had excited. Mr. Fox had also often expressed his intention of writing a history of the Revolution of 1688; but we believe this design never was entertained farther than as a favourite project.—Though the Whig Club, with all its attractions of play and politics, was the magnet which chiefly drew Mr. Fox within its sphere; his tastes led him to be a frequent visitor of the no less celebrated Literary Club, where Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and other luminaries of the age, shone amid their relaxations from lettered pursuits. Here the congenial mind of the statesman found and imparted kindred delight; for

his social qualities were of the most fascinating description. Among his own recreations, the performance in private dramas (then more the fashion than now) may be enumerated; and some of his poetical pieces, especially lines addressed to Mrs. Crewe, evince a more than common talent for composition. But it was during his retirement at St. Ann's Hill, with its beautiful scenery surrounding him, that he most enjoyed the charms of study. His correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield, from 1796 to 1801, showed how deeply he was imbued with Grecian literature; nor was he less generally conversant with the stores of modern genius, in almost every language of the European continent. Of French, Italian, and we believe Spanish, he was perfectly master: to the Italian he was particularly devoted, as proof of which, we have in our possession an original autograph sonnet, composed by him in that tongue, though we regret that it has escaped our research to produce it as a fac-simile ornament to this Memoir.

"In conclusion: Of his character as a man and a politician—in private and in public—we cannot do better than speak in the eloquent words of his friend, and an acute discriminator of men, Sir James Mackintosh, whose intimate acquaintance with the subject, gives him a right to become the authority of every biographer.—

"Mr. Fox (he says) united, in the most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men, and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the most obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. The pleasantries, perhaps, of no man of wit had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind, than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years, he had known almost every man in Europe, whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which, by the custom of England is called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasant, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *vers de société*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed by his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least, languages, of the West, those (i.e. the poetry) of the Greeks, and of the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it. To speak of him justly as an orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward;

and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners.—But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him.—He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the Prince of Orators. The quiet dignity of a mind roused only to great objects, but the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downright-ness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no unfit representative of the old English character, which, if ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed, to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence aroused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. From these qualities of his public and private character, it probably arose, that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents."

The other portraits in the last number are Marshal Beresford and the Right Hon. Thos. Grenville.

*Sketches from Nature.* By John M'Diarmid. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

THIS volume professes to contain no more than a garnering, and reducing to connected form, of fragments of Scottish scenery and character, and, along with these, anecdotes illustrative of the habits of animals. This promise is fairly redeemed, but there is nothing very striking or particular either in the matter or the manner, which might sometimes be justly characterised as making much ado about nothing; indeed throughout, there is rather a tendency to the dilly-dally dilly-dally ducks-in-the-pond style. Nevertheless there is nothing to offend, and a good deal to please, in a small way. Take, for example, the close of the account of the Mull of Galloway:

"The ptarmigan, the fox, and the sea-eagle, at one time found a home on the Mull of Galloway, but their numbers decreased until they entirely disappeared, from causes which I leave others to conjecture. Hawks, however, abound still, and not only build among the cliffs in summer, but during the fiercest gales that blow, are observed wheeling and tumbling above, as if pleased with the opportunity of mingling their screams with the tempest's roar. The pasture of the Mull, though its area contains 150 acres, is so much kept under by the sea breeze, that it only feeds 60 sheep. Black or horned cattle are fond enough of browsing on herbage impregnated with saline particles; but the experiment is held to be rather dangerous; and again and again, goodly bullocks and valuable sheep, while in search of a favourite tuft of grass, have been precipitated to the bottom, and irrecoverably lost.

"To the eastward of the Mull, and in the clefts of a rock sheltered from the storm, a tolerably entire building is found, which the coun-

try people denominate "the Chapel." The gable is composed of solid rock, and the masonry, though rude, proves that the architect was acquainted with the principle of forming arches. The ingenious author of "Paul Jones" more than hints that this retired, and all but inaccessible spot, was the residence of a weather-wise hermit, a sort of male Norma of the Fitful-Head, who gave good advice to *Rob M'Gubb*, and others; but the traditions of Kirkmaiden which I carefully inquired into, point to a very different conclusion. In a fragment of rock near "the Chapel," the waves have hollowed out a circular well, which, whether the tide ebbs or flows, is always filled with the purest water. And thither the natives, on the first of May, were in the practice of conveying sickly children, while the holy man who *wonned* in the chapel received a fee, and muttered a benediction before performing the ceremony of ablution. Behind the chapel, which is roomy enough to have contained a small band of catholic worshippers, a cave appears, which has evidently been dug by "no mortal hand;" and whatever may have been its original destination, a suspicion exists, that the smugglers who formerly abounded on the coast, turned it at one time to good account. So late as 1822, tobacco and spirits were seized to the amount of £1,500; but now that the gentlemen of the Preventive service visit every creek, and out-manœuvre every suspicious sail, the smuggler's occupation is greatly in abeyance, if not, like Othello's, entirely gone.

"In concluding this notice of the Mull of Galloway, I may mention, that fragments of warlike instruments, such as the fastenings of rude scabbards, are frequently ploughed up in the fields adjoining; and that a tradition still lingers in Kirkmaiden, that the narrow neck of land which leads to its head, and still discovers strong traces of entrenchment, formed the last sad retreat of the Picts, when expelled from the more hospitable regions of Scotland. Their numbers at this time were greatly thinned, and in place of a veteran male commander, they were headed by a maiden or widowed queen. When about to bid adieu to our mountains and moors, her Majesty cast many "a longing, lingering look behind; and while preparing to cross to Man or Ireland, the enemy appeared in such numbers, and pressed her so closely on all sides, that a desperate conflict became inevitable. Though the Picts fought bravely, the foremost of them fell; and their Queen at last was reduced to such straits, that rather than yield, and thus become the captive of a barbarous conqueror, she leapt from the very apex of the Mull into the sea, and was never more seen alive. Such of her adherents as survived followed, proving by the scene and manner of their death—the farthest confine of the country they claimed, and so long possessed—their bravery and devotedness to the Scottish strand. The tale, though melancholy, may possibly be true; and certainly a more appropriate shrine for such a fearful immolation, could not well be sought, or if sought found, in the wide circle of his Majesty's dominions."

*The Recluse of Inchidony*, and other Poems.

By J. J. Callanan. Cork, Bolster; London, Hurst, Chance and Co. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 138.

The author of this little volume died, we believe, at Lisbon, on the eve of its appearance. The first and longest of the pieces has a great

deal of merit, though occasionally deformed by the errors in taste and judgment, usually incident to young unpractised writers. Poetry, however, cannot be judged of by description; we shall, therefore, proceed at once to present our readers with a sample, which will enable them to decide more satisfactorily for themselves:

"Once more I'm free—the city's din is gone,  
And with it wasted days and weary nights;  
But bitter thoughts will sometimes rush upon  
The heart that ever lov'd its sounds or sights,  
To you I fly, lone glens and mountain heights,  
From all I hate and much I love—no more  
Than this I seek, amid your calm delights,  
To learn my spirit's weakness to deplore,  
To strive against one vice, and gain one virtue more.

How firm are our resolves, how weak our strife,  
We seldom man ourselves enough to brave  
The even tides that o'er the sea of life,  
Break dangerously sweet from pleasures cave;  
False are the lights she kindles o'er the wave,  
Man knows her beacon's fatal gleam nor flies,  
But as the bird which flight alone could save  
Still loves the serpent's fascinating eyes,  
Man seeks that dangerous light and in th' enjoyment dies.

But even when pleasures cup the brightest glow'd  
And to her revel loudest was the call,  
I felt her palace was not my abode,  
I fear'd the hand-writing upon the wall,  
And said amid my blindness and my thrall,  
Could I, as he of Nazareth did do,  
But grasp the pillars of her dazzling hall,  
And feel again the strength that once I knew  
I'd crumble her proud dome, tho' I should perish too.

Is it existence 'mid the giddy throng  
Of those who live but o'er the midnight bowl,  
To revel in the dance, the laugh, the song,  
And all that chains to earth th' immortal soul,  
To breathe the tainted air of days that roll  
In one dark round of vice—to hear the cries  
In ign'ant virtue lifts to glory's goal,  
When with unfetter'd pinion she would rise  
To deeds that laugh at death and live beyond the skies?

Not such at least should be the poet's life,  
Heaven to his soul a nobler impulse gave,  
His be the dwelling where there is no strife,  
Save the wild conflict of the wind and wave,  
His be the music of the ocean cave,  
When gentle waves forgetful of their war,  
Its rugged breast with whispering fondness lave,  
And as he gazes on the evening star,  
His heart will leave with joys the world can never mar.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Who, that e'er wandered in the calm blue night,  
To see the moon upon some silent lake,  
And as it trembled to her kiss of light,  
Heard low soft sounds from his glad waters break,  
Who that look'd upward to some mountain peak,  
That rose disdaining earth—or o'er the sea  
Sent eye, sent thought in vain its bounds to seek,  
Who thus could gaze, nor wish his soul might be  
Like those great works of God, sublime and pure and free?

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Tis a delightful calm! there is no sound,  
Save the low murmur of the distant rill,  
A voice from heaven is breathing all around,  
Bidding the earth and restless man be still,  
Soft sleeps the moon on Inchidony's hill,  
And on the shore the shining ripples break,  
Gently and whispering at Nature's will,  
Like some fair child that on its mother's cheek,  
Sinks fondly to repose in kisses pure and meek.

'Tis sweet when Earth and Heaven such silence keep,  
With pensive step to gain some headland's height,  
And look across the wide extended deep,  
To where its farthest waters sleep in light,  
Or gaze upon those orbs so fair and bright,  
Still burning on in Heaven's unbounded space,  
Like Seraphs bending o'er life's dreary night,  
And with their look of love their smile of peace,  
Wooing the weary soul to her high resting place.

Such was the hour the harp of Judah pour'd  
Those strains no lyre of earth had ever rung,  
When to the God his trembling soul adored  
O'er the rapt chords the minstrel monarch hung—  
Such was the time when Jeremiah sung  
With more than Angel's grief the sceptre torn  
From Israel's land, the desolate streets among  
Ruin gave back his cry 'till cheerless morn,  
Return thee to thy God, Jerusalem return.

Fair moon I too have lov'd thee, love thee still,  
Tho' life to me hath been a chequered scene  
Since first with boyhood's bound I climb'd the hill  
To see the dark wave catch thy silvery sheen,  
Or when I sported on my native green  
With many an innocent heart beneath thy ray,  
Careless of what might come or what had been  
When passions slept and virtue's holy ray  
Shed its unsullied light round childhood's lovely day.

O that I were once more what I was then  
With soul unsullied and with heart unscar'd,  
Before I mingled with the herd of men  
In whom all trace of man had disappear'd;  
Before the calm pure morning star that cheer'd,  
And sweetly lured me on to virtue's shrine  
Was clouded—or the cold green turf was rear'd  
Above the laurel that warmly beat to mine  
Could I be that once more I need not now repine.

But man was born for suffering, and to bear  
Even pain is better than a dull repose,  
'Tis noble to subdue the rising tear,  
'Tis glorious to outlive the heart's sick throes;  
Man is most man amid the heaviest woes,  
And strongest when least human aid is given,  
The stout bark founders when the tempest blows,  
The mountain oak is by the lightning riven,  
But what can crush the mind that lives alone with heaven?

Deep in the solitude of his own heart  
With his own thoughts he'll hold communion high,  
Tho' with his fortune's ebb false friends depart  
And leave him on life's desert shore to lie  
Tho' all forsake him and the world belie—  
The world, that fiend of scandal, strife, and crime,  
Yet has he that which cannot change or die,  
His spirit still thro' fortune, fate and time,  
Lives like an Alpine peak, lone, stainless, and sublime.

Well spoke the Moralist who said "the more  
I mixed with men the less a man I grew;"  
Who can behold their follies nor deplore  
The many days he prodigally threw  
Upon their sickening vanities—ye few  
In whom I sought for men, not sought in vain,  
Proud without pride—in friendship firm and true,  
Oh! that some far off island of the main  
Held you and him you love—the wish is but a pain.

My wishes are all such—no joy is mine  
Save thus to stray my native wilds among  
On some lone hill an idle verse to twine,  
Whene'er my spirit feels the gusts of song,  
They come but fitfully nor linger long,  
And this sad harp ne'er yields a tone of pride,  
Its voice ne'er pour'd the battle-tide along  
Since freedom sunk beneath the Saxon's stride,  
And by the Assassin's steel the grey-hair'd Desmond died.

Sad one of Desmond, could this feeble hand  
But teach thee tones of freedom and of fire,  
Such as were heard o'er Hellas' glorious land,  
From the high Lesbian harp or Chian lyre,  
Thou should'st not wake to sorrow, but aspire  
To themes like theirs; but yonder see where hurl'd  
The crescent prostrate lies—the clouds retire  
From freedom's heaven—the cross is wide unfurld,  
There breaks again that light—the beacon of the world."

Then follows an enthusiastic panegyric upon Greece, and on Lord Byron, in the midst of which it is vexatious to meet with an apostrophe to the then unemancipated Irish Roman Catholics, conceived in such wretched taste as the following ungrammatical, unpoetical, and untrue stanza:

"But no! thine heart is broke, thine arm is weak  
Whose thou could see God's image not to sigh,  
Famine hath plough'd his journeys on thy cheek,  
Despair hath made her dwelling in thine eye,  
The lordly Churchman rides unheeding by,  
He fattens on the sweat that dries thy brain,  
The very dogs that in his kennel lie  
Hold revels to thy fare! but don't complain  
He has the cure of souls—the law doth so ordain."

The conclusion of the poem approaches more nearly to the beauty of its commencement:

"Thou hast not often seen my clouded brow;  
The tear I strove with, thou hast never seen;  
The load of life that did my spirit bow  
Was hid beneath a calm or mirthful mien;  
The wild flowers blossom and the dew-drops sheen  
Will fling their light and beauty o'er the spot,  
Where in its cold dark chamber all unseen  
The water trickles thro' the lonely grot,  
And weeps itself to stone—such long hath been my lot

It matters not what was, or is the cause,  
I wish not even thy faithful breast to know  
The grief which magnet-like my spirit draws  
True to itself above life's waves of woe,  
The gleams of happiness I feel below,  
A while may play around me and depart  
Like sunlight on the eternal hills of snow,  
It gilds their brow but never warms their heart,  
Such cold and cheerless beam doth joy to me impart.

The night is spent, our task is ended now,  
See yonder steals the green and yellow light,  
The lady of the morning lifts her brow  
Gleaming thro' dew of Heaven, all pure and bright,  
The calm waves heave with tremulous delight,  
The far Seven-Heads thro' mists of purple smile,  
The bark ascends from Inchidony's height,  
'Tis morning—sweetest one of my native life,  
Wild voice of Desmond hush—go rest thee for awhile."